

Good Morning

42

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

BRITANNIA ON THE PENNY

By RUSSELL SINCLAIR

SOME people even think that the female figure holding the trident on the surface of our pennies is the figure of Queen Victoria. Not so. It represents Britannia.

There is a difference about her, too, in pennies. Prior to about 1937 the Britannia on the penny showed a little more leg. After that she was properly draped—and the new design gave her a lighthouse behind her shield. Look at pennies of, say, up to 1929, and compare them with pennies of 1937.

As a matter of fact, every time a new coin, or a new design, is issued by the Mint, officialdom waits to see how the public like them. There have been cases in which the public has voiced its dislike. Our new threepenny bits, for instance.

In 1887 certain new coins bore the head of Queen Victoria. The Queen herself had passed the design, but the public didn't like the head, and so great was the criticism that the coin was withdrawn.

THE "GODLESS" COIN.

In the same Queen's reign another coin raised an outcry. It was a florin, which got the name of the "godless coin," because the letters D.G. (*De Gratia*, meaning "By the Grace of God") were accidentally omitted. It had to be called in and the letters stamped properly.

When the new penny was issued some years ago there was a storm of criticism. Some experts said that the Britannia had grown fatter than of yore. But she had got back the lighthouse that used to be on every penny.

Who was the original of the penny Britannia? The first figure of Britannia that appeared on coins was put there by Antonius, Roman Emperor. When Charles II came to the throne he didn't like the Roman figure. "Isn't there a figure among our friends more fit?" he exclaimed. And he had the person in mind all the time. She was one of his favourites at Court.

Frances Stewart was her name. She was the elder daughter of Mrs. Walter Stewart, whose husband was the third son of the first Lord Blantyre.

Her coquettishness and beauty gained for her the title of the "Frenchified Stewart." She played a fine game with the Royal Charles.

Pepys described her as one of the gayest of the Court, lovely and saucy, "with her hat cocked, and a red plume, sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille."

Pepys was present when she sat, at the King's request, as model to the medallist Roettiers, who executed the design. "At my goldsmith's," writes Pepys, "where I did observe the King's new Medall, where in little there is Mistress Stewart's face as well done as ever I saw anything in my whole life, I think and a pretty thing it is that he should choose her face to represent Britannia by."

THE ONLY WOMAN.

That was on February 25th, 1666. But Charles had a good reason for having Frances Stewart's face on his "medall." He was very much in love with her (who wasn't?), and perhaps she was the only woman he really and truly loved.

I get around



Waker-up of the slumbering cine-goers.

By
RONALD
RICHARDS

I WAS in Charing Cross News Theatre and enjoying a travelogue short. I was taken through the Orient and half across Europe, and had just arrived in Paris when it was gay.

Suddenly my mind was distracted. It wasn't a breakdown, nor was it someone wanting to pass me. It was a violent snore from the row behind. It was disgusting and frequent, and apart from the embarrassment of people in front glaring and thinking it was me, it was very disturbing.

It went on for several minutes, and eventually, much to my relief, an usherette discreetly tapped the hog on the shoulder.

I missed Paris and caught up with the film at Los Angeles. I spoke to the usherette later, and she told me that she does that a dozen or more times a day. She didn't like disturbing them, she said, but other people complained if she didn't.

In addition to the snorers, there were the respectable slumberers who had to be watched. Sometimes people slept four or five hours, and frequently when they woke they complained to the management for being permitted to sleep so long.

The usherette wishes that people would tell her if they want to sleep; then, as long as they didn't snore, she would leave them all day.

* * *

YET another case of war-provoked improvisation comes from Transport House.

I hear that London Transport experts have perfected a plan to use obsolete blinds from old Metropolitan rolling stock, for sweeping railway stations.

The blinds are made of horse-hair, and when unshredded make excellent brushes.

* * *

BEFORE permitting this Hi-De-Hi business to die its inevitable natural death, I must record that East Suffolk police, who are to help on farms during their leave and off-duty periods, have chosen "Hoe-de-Hoe" as their slogan.

* * *

CHALKED on the slate of a suburban fishmonger's shop is the following:—

"We have the paper, you bring the fish."

* * *

THE petty thieving of cutlery from London and provincial restaurants and hotels has now developed into an organised racket.

An official of the Hotels and Restaurants Association told me that the increase was undoubtedly due to the high prices and shortage of cutlery, crockery and napkins.

Remarkable reports are reaching the Association, he says. And some claim that table cloths have been taken from busy restaurants and curtains and bedspreads are frequently missed from select hotels.

* * *

IT is interesting to note the increased demand for Russian music and literature; book publishers have of late reported fantastic demands for previously unheard of books by such writers as Ilya Fremberg and Mikhail Sholokhov, who wrote "Quiet Flows the Don." Music publishers, and translators, too, are working overtime to cope with vast new orders for popular works such as "The Great Gates of Kiev."

Dance bands, even, have shown a great interest in lighter tunes of Bolshevik flavour.

I have seen a number of fur hats in London recently; whether the wearers were Russians, or British Communists, I can't say.

"I wish you would wipe that wooden look off your face, my dear, and stop putting your tongue out in public—it lets me down so."



News o' the North

From our Northern Correspondent
F. W. REED

M. WILSON, of Barrasford, Northumberland, was responsible for the hatching of 2,000 yearling trout, which stocked the Tyne and Derwent recently.

The Tyne Fishery Board, who yearly plant fish in suitable spots on the North and South of the river, also placed 20,000 early salmon fry.

They were an odd sight recently when they were crossing the river in a rowing boat, complete with pram.

THE villagers of Elsdon, near Rothbury, Northumberland, are divided in their views for and against the extension of the parish churchyard, meaning a loss of over 600 square yards of the village green.

The Rector, Rev. Crawford Hillis, proposed the idea, owing to difficulties of the present cemetery, some distance from the church.

THE Vicar of Slaley, near Hexham, Northumberland, Rev. E. Roland Wilkinson, has been compelled, by lack of help, to combine his duties with that of grave digger.

He opens the grave, officiates as minister and sexton, and, after the service, dons a pair of Wellington boots, to cover in the grave.

WISDOM from the past

It is the common wonder of all men, how among so many million of faces there should be none alike.
Sir Thomas Browne (1608-1682).

He knows little who will tell his wife all he knows.
Thomas Fuller, (1608-1661).

To be weak is miserable, doing or suffering.
John Milton (1608-1674).

Long is the way and hard, that out of hell leads up to light.
John Milton (1608-1674).

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
For he who runs it well, runs twice his race.
Abraham Cowley (1618-1667).



Marjorie Reynolds, Paramount lovelie, will soon be seen in "Dixie," the new technicolour musical, with Dorothy Lamour and Bing Crosby. Make a note of this for a forthcoming shore leave.

Periscope Page

QUIZ
for today

1. How did the Fuchsia get its name?

2. One of these words is not to be found in the Bible. Which is it? Plain, Spot, Cue, Pot, Ball, Table, Chalk, Rest, Break.

3. What is the diameter of a halfpenny?

4. At what speed can a swallow fly?

5. What is a Mistral?

6. What woman gave her name to a female garment?

7. What man gave his name to a male garment?

8. What is an aye-aye?

9. Why is the florin so called?

10. What is the difference between "Whiskey" and "Whisky"?

11. What famous novelist introduced the pillar-box into England?

12. What is a Gorami?

PUZZLE CORNER

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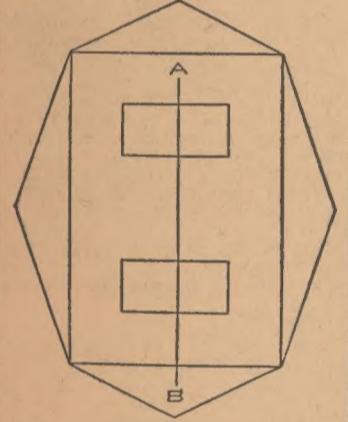
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What's required in this poser is that you retrace or re-draw the exact figure pictured here without taking your pencil from the paper. To further complicate matters it's necessary that you start at point A and finish at point B. It's easy enough to do once you've found the knack.

What kind of a line tamer are you?



Answers to Wangling Words—12

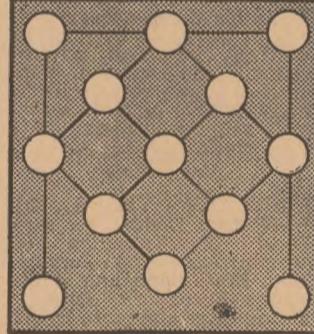
1.—Laughter becomes Slaughter, Have becomes Shave, Tea becomes Steak.

2.—MAMMOTH, WHAT, WHO, TWO, TUMMY, THAW, etc.

3.—STIFF, O DAIRYMAN, IN A MYRIAD OF FITS NOW STOP, MAJOR GENERAL, ARE NEGRO JAM POTS WON?

4.—Sequences, Cone, Scone, Sense, Queen, etc., etc.

WEB OF FIGURES



Of the numbers between 1 and 15, 13 fit into the diagram pictured so that any three in a straight line will total 20. Of course, two of the total of 15 numbers are to be dropped, and it's your job to make the proper omissions and place the remainders in the correct positions.

How to Write Verse—6

By LOUIS MacNEICE

THE writing of verse is a tonic occupation.

After a quarrel, or before a crisis, or during a hangover, it takes your mind off your immediate troubles without pandering, as the movies so often do, to mere escapist unreality.

The form of verse is artificial, but so—on the last analysis—is language itself. Please remember that you can tell the truth in verse just as much as in ordinary conversation. Perhaps more so.

The very limitations of verse demand a control and a balance that are not necessary when you are talking to someone face to face and can get your effects by clearing

your throat or by knocking out your pipe.

This being so, if you want to write verse, you must begin by reading it. And read it aloud.

Read Shakespeare; read the Scots ballads; read Kipling or A. E. Housman, or "Sagittarius" in the "New Statesman." And then get down and write.

Write about anything you like, but don't—at first—be too ambitious with your forms. The sonnet, the "ballade," the Spenserian stanza, make too many demands on ingenuity.

Just take a simple form and write according to your lights. Your light, mind. More power to your elbow.

THREE-MINUTE THRILLER

The IMPOSSIBLE CRIME

By NIGEL MORLAND

THE office had waited an hour over the time St. Barbe Mitchell had insisted he would require to finish recording his speech. In the end uncertain men knocked and knocked again on his office door, then, with managerial authority, the lock was forced.

The general manager of the National Planning Committee wasted no time. He recognised hydrocyanic acid when he smelt it, and got on to Scotland Yard immediately. It was the eve of St. Barbe Mitchell's radio speech, when he was to give his long-awaited Blueprint for the New World over the air. His death was not natural, and the crime so horrifying that it was best to seek the highest powers instantly.

BY FAST CAR.

Mrs. Pym, who was linked in the public mind with the solving of complex crimes, was rushed to Grosvenor Square in a fast car with Chief Detective Inspector Shott for company.

She found the National Planning Building in a furor. St. Barbe Mitchell had

been chosen to create order out of economic chaos, and this was the night before his report—the conclusion of eighteen months' intensive work.

Cardew, the general manager; Mitchell's secretary, Peller, and the chief secretary, Baines, received Mrs. Pym in the main hall.

"It's absurd!" Cardew burst out. "Mr. Mitchell went in alone and locked the door behind him. It's been under observation by the staff ever since, and yet he's dead!"

Mrs. Pym nodded, and stumped into the fatal room with a dozen people watching her.

SCENE OF CRIME.

The office was perfectly plain. It contained a bookcase, a carpet, a table bearing a blotter, pencils and paper. Next to this was a dictaphone, and that was all. The windows were locked and heavily barred; even the walls were without pictures.

The doctor was there, shaking his head.

"I can't understand it," he said. "The man's swallowed a big dose of hydrocyanic acid; it killed him immediately."

There are traces in his mouth, so that rules out a capsule. There isn't any cup, or anything from which he could have swallowed the stuff!"

And so it proved. There was no hiding place for a murderer. The bare room showed nothing from which poison could have been taken, even if Mitchell had lived long enough to hide the evidence. As a locked-room mystery, it was unique.

THE LAST GASP.

Mrs. Pym bent over the dictaphone, and after examining it, moved the needle and pressed the stud to set the machine in motion. She listened to Mitchell's speech, noting the sudden gasp when he broke off almost at the first words.

It was bizarre. Her investigation proved the crime could not have happened, yet the contorted body was there as proof. Finally, she asked for a list of every person who had entered the office that week.

(For hidden clue see Page 3.)

GEORGE'S EVENING OUT—8

From "Good Morning" Museum



WHAT a thrilling evening. After seeing the girl-friend home, just to the garden gate, George still feels a bit hot and bothered. So he calls in to the old-fashioned local for a "quick" one. "Let me have a double ale, please," he shouts, "I'm in a hurry."

(This double measure trick or loving mug (date about 1800) had a hole in the bottom, connecting the two compartments, so that the ale in both could be drunk from the one).

NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Adapted from the Novel by Jules Verne

I rushed upon the platform. Yes! There lay the open sea. A few pieces of ice and moving icebergs were scattered about; in the distance a long stretch of sea; a world of birds in the air, and myriads of fish in the waters, which, according to their depth, varied from intense blue to olive green. The thermometer marked three degrees centigrade above zero. It was like a relative spring inclosed behind this ice-bank, whose distant masses were outlined on the northern horizon.

"Are we at the Pole?" I asked the captain, with a palpitating heart.

"I do not know yet," he answered. "At noon we will take our bearings."

"But will the sun show itself through these mists?" said I, looking at the grey sky.

"However little it shows, it will be enough for me," answered the captain.

About ten miles south of the Nautilus a solitary island rose to a height of six hundred feet. We were bearing down upon it, but prudently, for the sea might be strewn with reefs.

The shore was scattered over with molluscs, small mussels, limpets, heart-shaped buccards, and particularly elios with oblong membranous bodies, the heads of which were formed of two rounded lobes. I also saw myriads of northern elios, one inch and a quarter long, of which whales swallow a world in one mouthful.

Charming pteropods, veritable sea-butterflies, animated the free waters on the skirts of the shore.

About half-a-mile farther on the soil was riddled with ruff nests; it was a sort of laying ground from which many birds issued. Captain Nemo had some hundreds killed, for their blackish flesh is very good. They uttered a cry like the braying of an ass,

of these southern regions. After five minutes passed in this rapt contemplation he turned towards us.

"When you are ready, professor," he called to me.

I disembarked, followed by Conseil, leaving the two men in the boat.

For some distance the soil was composed of a reddish tufa, as if it had been made of crushed bricks.

Scoriae, lava streams, and pumice-stone covered it. Its volcanic origin could not be mistaken. In certain places some slight curls of smoke attested that the interior fires still kept their expansive force. Still, when I had climbed a high cliff, I saw no volcano within a radius of several miles.

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were about the size of a goose slate-colour on the body, white underneath, with a yellow cravat round their throats. They let themselves be killed with stones without trying to escape.

In the meantime the mist was not rising, and at 11 a.m. the sun had not yet made its appearance.

Its absence made me uneasy. Without it there was no observation possible. How, then, could we settle whether we had reached the Pole?

When I rejoined Captain Nemo I found him silently leaning

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Cob (male) and Pen (female).

2. It was named after M. l'Obel, a Royal physician to the Stuarts.

3. It has nothing to do with the letter H. The old French word for thigh was "nache," and an aitchbone was originally a "nache bone."

4. Ten pounds.

5. Ridings was originally "thridings," or third parts.

6. Johnny, get your gun.

7. 42 m.p.h.

8. In the St. Lawrence River, Canada.

9. 100 years.

10. The second Lord Lytton, who wrote poetry under the name of "Owen Meredith."

11. The Hindustani word for prison is "chauki."

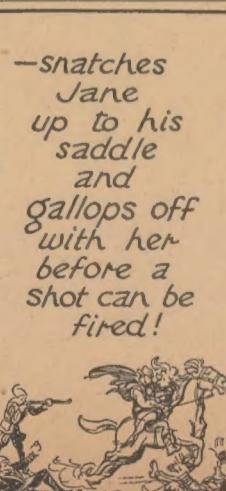
12. A famous London fat man, who weighed 52 stone at his death in 1809.

JANE

Bursting through the operatic firing squad, the mounted stranger—



—snatches Jane up to his saddle and gallops off with her before a shot can be fired!



FETT BLDG

Beelzebub Jones**Belinda****Popeye****Ruggles****NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS**

Continued from Page 12.

against a rock, and looking at the sky. He seemed impatient and vexed. But there was no help for it. This powerful and audacious man could not command the sun like he did the sea.

Twelve o'clock came without the sun having showed itself for a single instant. The mist soon after dissolved in snow.

"We must wait till to-morrow," said the captain simply, and we went back to the *Nautilus* amidst the snow.

The next day, the 20th of March, the snow had ceased. It was slightly colder. The thermometer indicated two degrees below zero. The mists rose, and I hoped it would be possible to take an observation that day.

Captain Nemo not having yet appeared, the boat took Conseil and me to the land. The nature of the soil was the same—volcanic. Everywhere traces of lava, scoriae, basalts, but no trace of the crater from which they issued. Here, as there, myriads of birds ani-

continent. But they divided this empire with vast troops of marine mammalia, who looked at us with their soft eyes. They were seals of different sorts, some lying on the ground, some on floating pieces of ice, several coming out of the sea or plunging into it. They did not run away at our approach, never having had to do with man, and I counted enough for the provisioning of some hundreds of ships.

"Faith," said Conseil, "it is a good thing that Ned Land did not accompany us!"

"Why so, Conseil?"

"Because the rabid sportsman would kill all the seals."

The greater part of these seals slept on the rocks or sand. Amongst them glided marine elephants—a sort of seals with short and mobile trunks (the giants of the species), which on a circumference of twenty feet measured ten metres. They made no movement at our approach.

Two miles farther on we were stopped by a promontory which sheltered the bay against the south

SOLUTION TO 3-MINUTE THRILLER**The Impossible Crime**

There were only two people: Baines and Cardew. The issue was too big for niceties. After an hour's rigorous, completely unorthodox cross-examination, Mrs. Pym had forced a confession from Baines, who had, apparently, been paid by certain outside interests to stop Mitchell's speech at any costs. "It was a process of elimination that led to the arrest," she explained to Cardew. "Baines fixed a fountain pen filler with some plastic wood inside the dictaphone mouthpiece, knowing only Mitchell used it. When Mitchell pressed the stud that starts the machine, the cross-piece squashed the rubber bulb of the filler—and the mouthpiece is held to the lips at such a time—which gave him a mouthful of hydrocyanic acid. The thing was empty when I tested the machine, but I noticed a scent of peach-blossom on that mouthpiece. Simple, isn't it?"

(Continued in No. 43)

NELSON'S COLUMN

EVER imagined another Bryn Jones? Frank Buckley, Wolverhampton manager, who discovered the famous Bryn and sold him to Arsenal for an all-time record fee of £14,000, believes he has found another just as good.

Name? Crowe—Victor Crowe. Age? 18. Young Victor has signed as a professional for the Wolves after scoring 22 goals in eight games for their first and reserve teams.

"Another Bryn" is Buckley's appreciation of him, not ours. We've never seen him play.

But you can bet your last ha'penny that when Buckley says a lad's that good he's well, that good.

Soccer is in Victor's blood. His father, Frank Crowe, played for Merthyr, Chesterfield, Coventry, Hearts and Birmingham.

HARTLEPOOLS ROVERS, famous North-Eastern Rugby Club, want to celebrate Victory—when it comes—with a new ground. They've played on their present one, now commandeered, for sixty years, and feel that a new pitch, fit for heroes to play on, would be a fitting welcome-home to the boys at the front.

They've such a ground in view. All they need is the ready—£1,700 of it. They've opened a fund.

First subscriber was a shipyard worker with 7s. 6d.—half a day's pay.

Next was his boss—manager of the yard and a former player—with a cheque for £50.

Grand chaps, these sportsmen of the North-East.

SOCER pros. will get a ten-bob-a-match rise if a Tottenham Hotspur scheme goes through.

The Spurs are to propose to the annual meeting of the Football League that the players should be paid £2 a match next season, instead of £1 10s., as hitherto. Here's hoping they get it.

ARSENAL don't often miss a player worth having. One they did is Len Goulden, West Ham's ace international inside-left, now serving in the R.A.F.

Len worked on the Highbury ground as a builder's apprentice before he became a pro. Reports of the lad's promise soon began to reach Manager George Allison.

Allison saw young Goulden, but wasn't impressed with his physique. He thought him too frail to stand the strain of League football.

The little 'un he let go became in a few years one of the greatest inside forwards of the age. Allison himself admits that.

If you've ever tried in vain to get a Cup Final ticket, you will look with envy upon Charlie Earl.

Mr. Earl has seen every F.A. Cup Final since 1900—in other words, 39 of them, not counting the war-time affairs.

Lucky chap! But then, Soccer is his bread and butter.

He's senior clerk to the Football Association—with a record of forty years' service.

JOHN NELSON.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Nutmeg-husks.
- 4 Ally.
- 9 Capital of Peru.
- 10 Chaperone.
- 11 Concerning.
- 12 Inland waterway.
- 13 Culinary plant.
- 14 Precede.
- 15 Ominous.
- 17 Slacken.
- 22 Proprietary.
- 25 Reviled.
- 28 Purplish-brown.
- 29 Tooth.
- 30 Bit of fun.
- 31 Of mail.
- 32 Lean and tall.
- 33 Metal.
- 34 Experienced.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9			10				
11				12			
13			14				
15			16				
			17			18	19
20	21	22			23	24	
25	26	27		28			
29			30				
31				32			
33			34				

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Dependant.
- 2 Correct.
- 3 Easy gallop.
- 4 Pastoral.
- 5 Back.
- 6 Attach.
- 7 Jagged projection.
- 8 Shropshire.
- 9 Young animal.
- 14 Chafed.
- 16 United, yet independent.
- 18 Fall.
- 19 Shining.
- 20 Improvises accompaniment.
- 21 Edible seeds.
- 23 Countrified.
- 24 Gentle.
- 26 Foot-gear.
- 27 Cloy.

SMUG LINER NAVAL
INSTEAD MEN
TIE DESERTS
MATURE B H
BLAC THUD
IN LET ORAL
ROVE WILDLY
CHANTICLEER
HOST NEON E
WEST DASH

Good Morning

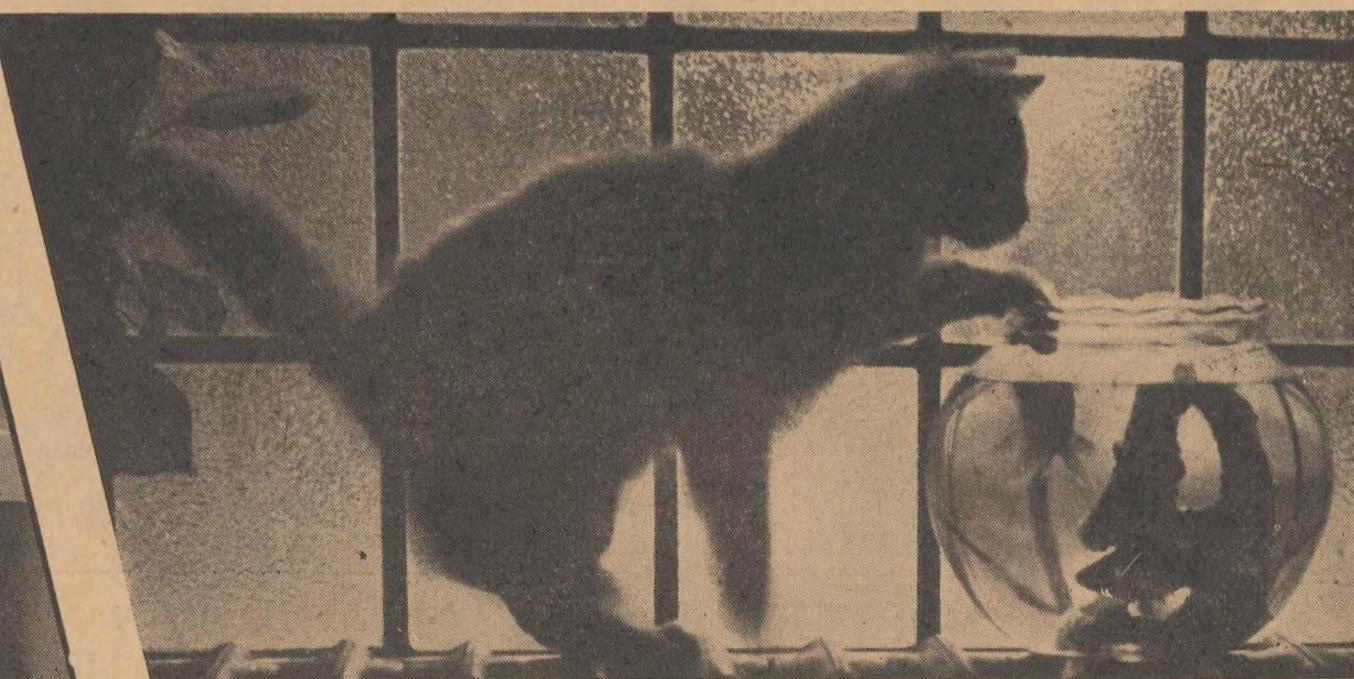
All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

WHAT— NO SARONG?

But you can't say that Dorothy Lamour looks any the less glamorous. Fact is that Paramount star, who will soon be seen opposite Bing Crosby in new film "Dixie," could never look other than ravishing.



Somewhere in Sussex. Nestling in the heart of Downland, this delightful village is English to the core. Boasting an inn which was once a rest house for pilgrims, a 14th Century Church House, and a delightful old church known as the Cathedral of the Downs, it is one of the most popular haunts of those who seek England unspoiled.



"All you do is run around in circles, put your nose to the sides, and keep yawning in my face. You might well hide, you good-for-nothing. For two pins I'd pull the bowl over and leave you stranded."

PUSHING THE BOAT OUT?

Judging from these two pictures we must agree with Prof. Darwin. That is, presuming he said we have always been a maritime nation.



This England



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Leave that submarine alone, you big bully!"

